Northern Messenger

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AUBERT GALLION QUE
Mrs W M Pozer

A Missionary's Day.

[The following letter from Miss Todd is part of a description of the work of one day in a missionary's life, it was written when Miss Todd had been just one year in India.]

Allahabad, India.

My Dear Friends :—

With the exception of one day in the week, the Lord's Day, the first five or six hours are spent by me in about the same way. In what we call our cold season, but which you would hardly term cool except in the early mornings and evenings, our hours for rising and going to our Zenanas and schools vary from those in the hot season. I have my night-watchman, chaukadar, call me at five o'clock instead of four o'clock. From this time until seven o'clock I have for my needed quiet time with Him,

who alone can prepare me for his plan for the day ; then comes my simple chota-hazri of cocoa and toast. My Hindi teacher comes at seven o'clock, to give me an hour's lesson, and at nine o'clock I have a lesson in Urdu from a Mohammedan. The hour from nine to ten o'clock is spent in varied ways, often in studying, doing necessary errands, etc., etc. Ten o'clock is our breakfast time, and then our family prayers, after which the garis come to take us in different directions to zenanas, schools, or villages. Yesterday we drove over two miles, and then a missionary and myself were left by the roadside, and the gari drove on to a more distant village with another worker.

It seemed so good to be away from the noise and sights of the city and hear the birds, and see the grain growing as we walked on a quiet lane, until we made a turn to the right where the village began. There I was intensely interested to see a number of potters at work. We stood for a few moment, my attention riveted upon the process of fashioning the varied vessels. Women were preparing the clay, making it very smooth and fit for the potter's use. It was simply wonderful how quickly and deftly the men moulded the clay into various forms. The wheel revolved as the man worked, as do the wheels of our daily circumstances, never stopping until the vessel was completed, but it meant so much to me to notice that it was only the touch, such a gentle touch of the man's fingers that gave the form and beauty to what was made.

I remember now, that sometimes there was quite a heavy hit with the hand, but I saw that this, too, brought the article into more perfect shape. It came to me so clearly how that nothing in our circumstances of joy in sorrow will perfect our character unless we are letting him touch us through them. How strange it is that we are not more still under our Potter's hands letting him do more quickly for us the fashioning of our hearts after the perfect Pattern—our Christ. While I stood there, those men finished many vessels, and all were perfect, it just thrilled one's heart with hope as one thought that our Heavenly Father cannot fail in making those of us who are yielded to him, perfect according to his beautiful thought for each of us. He has varied vessels, but all are prepared for his own use. 'We are set apart for himself.' I wonder if you, as myself, ever want to be like some one else and need to be reminded that we should think more of what is to fill the vessel and what its use is to be. My heart was sad as I looked at some small cup-like vessels and was told that these were to be used by those who sold intoxicating drinks. It is indeed what a vessel contains that gives it its value. May we be so filled with the Spirit that our Master can use us for giving the water of life to others. My attention was riveted as I noticed a potter take a vessel which seemed finished but which evidently needed to be made larger. He held his hand inside while the blow came from the outside with a mallet, and the form was changed and enlarged. I am sure that as we stand watching the potters, God is teaching us to look beyond the seen to the wonderful unseen realities of his working with us. This is indeed but a glimpse of what I saw that morning; but you will never have the patience to follow me through my day, if I give so much time to every one we met, but you will admit that this was such an encouraging beginning for our day's work among the villages, many of whom seem as hopeless to transform into anything perfect as did the clay in my unskilled hands, but how we need to realize that these souls must be, and can be left with him 'who faileth not nor is discouraged.'

I took a photograph of one of these potters. A poor old man enquired anxiously as I was taking the picture, 'Are you writing anything to the police about us, and complaining?' We are doing our best.' Miss B. quieted their fears, but how sorry I was that it was too hot then in the sunshine for Miss B. to have a talk with them as she sometimes does. There was no shade, and the potters were scattered, so we had to go on our way, not even able to give them a tract as none of the men and women could read.

As we passed by some of the homes where we wished to visit, but which were closed as the women had gone away for the day, we came to one where we were welcomed. Bending our heads we entered a room about eight feet by ten feet. We were hardly seated when eleven children crowded in the doorway, and sat in front of us, devouring us with their eyes. As we were waiting for two of the children of the household I asked Miss B. to teach the little ones the verse, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' but they would not be persuaded to say a word, but only stared. There were three women in the house who listened to the Bible lesson and our singing. I say 'our' singing because I did try to sing these weird native tunes which are so very very different from ours. One of our listeners had been early in the morning bathing in the Ganges and had such a bad cold. She acknowledged that there had come no benefit to her, she had only gained a cold, as she said, with a laugh. Another listener said so wistfully, 'I have tried to remember the name of that One who forgives sins, I have heard it before, but tell me, what is his name?' Miss B. taught her a brief, simple prayer, which she seemed so glad to learn. May she learn it with her heart, and speak to him, if she again forgets his name ; but God grant she may never forget him, the person whom she so needs. These women were desirous to learn to read and to have a visit oftener than once a fortnight, as this is all that can be arranged for now as our Bible reader who visited here has left us to go with her husband to another city. We are in need of a consecrated Bible reader, indeed, of more than one, but they are very very difficult to find; do pray that the Holy Spirit will lead teachers and Bible readers to us. More than this, we need to pray for such an awakening to come to the native Christians, such an infilling of the Holy

Spirit, that they will be prepared for a service of love among their own people in bringing them to Jesus.

It was a Mohammedan house where we next went, and it was a simple talk with one soul. We sat on one bed and she sat on another opposite to us, sewing on a man's garment, what we would call a shirt. She showed it to me with great pride, and pointed out the stitches, which we would almost have called basting and said she would be given three annas (six cents) when the garment was finished. You would have been amused to see how she held the cloth firm with her toes, and without a thimble sewed in such a back-handed way that we did not marvel that the stitches looked so badly. She was a wrinkled-faced, simple woman, and while Miss B. was talking to her, she leaned over and took my hand and said, 'Do you try and tell me all this that she is talking about, for I have listened twice before, and it does not come into my mind,' and she looked so troubled. Miss B. had to explain to her that I knew too little about the language to make the message clearer to her, and it was so hard for me to feel shut away from her, when she had appealed to me, but our Lord is so tender that he gave me the faith that I would be used to help her. Miss B. had really made her talk very clear, but I said to her, 'Tell her again, and I will pray while you speak.' It was joy to have her say that this time she did understand, and John iii., 16, and his gracious invitation to the burdened and weary, will find a lodgment in her heart and bring forth fruit to his glory, we will believe. I can assure you that such conversations are often held amid many, many interruptions, and God's patience is sorely needed by his messengers. Such a different type of a Mohammedan woman was the next one we visited, for she lived in what to them are comfortable circumstances. Her husband died a few months ago, and she has only a very bright niece, a girl of about fifteen, living with her. Neither of these women would allow us to teach them or even brush our clothes near them, the books had to be dropped from our hands to theirs. They would not admit to us why they were specially scrupulous at this time, but Miss B. supposed it was because they had bathed for prayers or for a similar reason. This woman is supposed to be very religious according to their ideas of religion. She devotes two hours to reading the sacred books of the Mohammedans, but she gains little if any meaning from them. The Koran is kept in a high shelf and carefully wrapped in a cloth. When she takes it down it is placed on a special table before her and she kisses it, but we would not be allowed to touch it. The Mohammedans are astonished often to see how some Christians treat their Bibles, and I really think they have a right to be surprised by our too little reverence for the book. Though she reads beautifully the Koran in the Arabic, not a word could she explain to us as she has simply been taught to read by rote. Is it not demoralizing to any mind to be thus taught? We fortunately had one copy of an Arabic Testament in our book shop, so we gave it to her and she promised to spare a half-hour from her books, and read this.

Pray as you have never prayed for his children all over the world that the heathen may realize that we have an Almighty God of holiness and love with us who works mightily in and for and through us.

In the fellowship of 'the blessed hope.'

Your loving friend,

ELLEN H. TODD.

Preparing for the Quarterly Review.

(Margaret Montgomery, in 'Living Epistle.')

No lesson throughout the quarter is so hard to teach as the quarterly review. Among the many plans suggested for the treatment of this lesson let me tell of one that is a success in one class of which I know, and which might be successful in any class, especially of older scholars.

In this plan, preparation is made for the review during the entire three months. Each Sunday every scholar and teacher brings to the class a slip of paper on which is written the special teaching of the day's lesson that has gone home most forcibly to each one. These slips are collected at the beginning or at the close, generally at the close, of the lesson, shuffled together, drawn and read by the members of the class.

The plan of drawing the slips seems best, because so often the special lesson taught is something which, if read by the writer, would be more of a heart-revealer than would be pleasant.

Each Sunday's lesson-slips are pinned together, with the date written on the outside slip, and are kept till review Sunday. Then, once more, they are drawn by the members of the class. A scholar will unpin the package of slips drawn, and without looking at the date, will read aloud the first slip as drawn from that Sunday's lesson. If it gives no clue to any member of the class as to which lesson it belongs, the next slip is read, and the next, until some member of the class sees to which lesson they belong, when up go the hands of those who know. After reading all the slips upon that lesson, the teacher calls for the lesson story, very briefly. If none of the slips give enough light upon the lesson to determine which one is meant, the date written upon the last one will have to be referred to; but this is seldom necssary.

The plan has the disadvantage of not recalling the lessons in order; but it has the advantages of making review Sunday especially bright and interesting, of recalling the lessons taught by the study of the Scriptures, and of making it essential that some thought be expended on the lesson each week, to find which is the lesson most forcibly taught to one's own heart.

To show how this plan practically works, I pick up at random a bunch of seven slips written upon the lesson of December 4, 1897.

'When we are called, not only to hear, but to understand.'

'This lesson teaches us that we should sow our seed in the good ground, that it may bring forth good fruit.'

'What kind of soil is my heart?'

'This teaches me that, even though much seed which I may attempt to sow comes to naught, to have courage; for some seed may fall on good ground.'

'That we sow our seed so it will bring forth good fruit.'

'It is my part to take away the stones and dig up the thorns, that the good seed may take firm root in my heart.'

'Let us take the seed of the Word into our hearts as into good ground.'

Indian Famine Fund.

The following is copied from the 'Weekly Witness' of July 17:—

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Undesignated.

Previously acknowledged	$200.64
13 Cogawell street, Halifax	5.00
Beford, Ont.	2.00
Rockland Y.W.C.T.U.	10.00
Fannie Wilson	1.00
Christie B. McMillan, Gould station	1.00
Mrs. G. M. Honrenger, Alburgh	1.00
Mrs. F. Clare, Franklin, Man.	1.00
E. H. Clare, Franklin, Man.	1.00
A Friend, St. Mary's, Ont.	1.00
M. S. Laing, Kingston	2.00
J. A. M., Kingston	.25
Ethel and Lottie	.25
Mrs. Wm. Riddle, Crewe	1.00
A. L., Montreal	5.00
A Lady Friend	4.00
W. T. Mooncy, Indian Head	2.00
St. Andrew's S.S., Merritton, Ont.	3.50
Adam Hood, Galt	1.00
J. M. Hood, Galt	1.00
Alex. Fraser, Ripley	1.00
Mrs. T. A. Oliver, Ft Hammond	5.50
A Friend	2.00
R. E. and Percy Costin, Mount Vernon	1.10
C. E., Point St. Charles	5.00
Children of School No. 1, municipality of Gaspe Bay South	4.03
Mrs. Wm. Campbell, Innisfail	2.00
Janie Archibald, Fletcher	.25
Howard A. McEwen, Maxville	2.50
Local Union C. E., Ormstown	1.60
A Sympathizer	1.00
Jessie Forrester, Tapleytown	1.50
Fred. W. H., Pevensey	5.00
Mrs. W. John, Kent	1.00
Jonathan Calverley, Hartney	2.00
	$289.24

Collected by L. McDonald:

Mr. J. M. Le Blanc	.75
Mr. Wm. McDonald	.50
Mr. George McDonald	.50
Mr. Andrew Dow	.50
Mr. John Horle	.45
Two Sympathizers	2.00
Mrs. H. Sweetman	1.00
Mr. Edgar Lawrence	1.00
Mrs. James Beard	.30
	7.00

Sent by Miss Tillie Stevenson, Arnprior, Ont.:

T. S. Stevenson	$1.00
Samuel Conn	1.00
Mrs. S. Conn	1.00
W. J. McClure	1.00
Mrs. Thomas McClure	1.00
S. McClure	1.00
T. J. Elliott	1.00
R. Lytle	1.00
Thomas Willis	1.00
James Taylor	1.00
George Shannon	1.00
James Millar	1.00
Thomas Clarke	1.00
James Blair	.50
Mrs. W Clarke	.50
T. A. McGee	.50
John Dean	.50
	$15.00

Collected by Victoria Carter, Hazel Boyle, Elsie Annett, Hilda Boyle:

Miss B. E. Bechervaise	.50
Mr. Joseph Eden	.25
Mr. Elva Palmer	.05
Miss Stella Eden	.05
Mrs. John Eden	.20
Mrs. Charlie Eden	.10
Miss Nellie Eden	.10
Mrs. Benjamin Patterson	.25
Miss Bella Annett	.05
Miss Maggie Annett	.05
Mr. Charlie Annett	.02
Miss Alberta Annett	.02
Mr. Henry B. Miller	.05
Mrs. Richard Miller	.05
Mr. James Clark	.25
Mabel Tripp	.10
Miss Edna C. Carter	.25
Mrs Henry Patterson	.05
Mrs. Annie Boyle	.10
Wm. Boyle	.10
Mrs. Arthur Boyle	.10
Wilson Boyle	.05
Hilda Boyle	.03
Hazel Boyle	.02
Mrs. John Robson	.10
Miss Maggie Grant	.20
Edith Berchevaise	.25
Mrs. Berchevaise	.25
Douglas Bechervaise	.15
Mrs. Philip Bechervaise	.15
Mrs. Eddie Vibert	.10
Bertie Bechervaise	.05
Helen Berchevaise	.05
Ida Berchevaise	.05
	$4.14
	$305.13

Less divided in proportion to designated amount received as follows:

To Canadian Presbyterian Mission	$71.56
To Christian Alliance Mission	79.23
To American Board of Missions	17.34
To Methodist Episcopal Missions	7.51
To Southern Indian Famine Fund	22.10
To Church Missionary Society	2.90
	200.64
	$104.49

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN HEBREWS.

July 29, Sun.—Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever.

July 30, Mon.—A sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom.

July 31, Tues.—Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundations of the earth.

Aug. 1, Wed.—We ought to give more earnest heed to the things which we have heard.

Aug. 2, Thurs.—Perfect through suffering.

Aug. 3, Fri.—I will put my trust in him.

Aug. 4, Sat.—In all things it behooved him to be made like unto his brethren.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Letter From China.

(By Miss Agnes Cooney, in 'C. and M. Alliance.')

One day Miss Doner and I heard our Chinese cook teasing some one down-stairs. We were just at dinner, and as soon as we finished eating, went down to see who had come. We found a dirty boy of perhaps thirteen years, standing in the hall. His hair looked as if a comb had not been near it for weeks; when you remember that a Chinese boy wears his hair in a braid like girls at home, you will realize how untidy he looked. He wore a pair of dirty blue trousers, and a ragged coat large enough for his father. This garment had once been white, but weeks of constant wear without washing, had made it almost as grimy as was the dirty-sun-burned face above it. A pair of handsome black eyes peeped stealthily from the mass of tangled hair, and we became curious to know more of our small guest. The Chinese preacher appeared and informed us that a few days before this lad walked into the chapel and asked many questions about the Gospel, and also about the foreigners. As he stood talking with the preacher, he heard our servant descending the stairs back of the chapel, and, thinking that the 'foreign devil women' were coming, ran, terrified from the place. Later, he returned and asked more questions, and having seen Miss Doner and me on the street, decided that we were not 'devils,' but just strange women.

CHINESE BOY.

He thus plucked up courage to come to our doorway, where he asked the servant if he could come there to dwell and 'boil tea' for the young ladies. We listened attentively to this, and then said, 'Yes, but where are his people? With whom does he dwell?' They told us that he was a beggar-boy. His father, a Mr. Lai, had formerly been a successful business man, but he began to gamble and smoke opium. These habits grew upon him until he not only squandered all of his money, but also sold his wife, a baby-girl, and a five-year-old son, in order to secure money to use in a life of sin. His relatives disowned him, and his mother cared for the boy, who was before us, until her death, after which he had been obliged to beg. He went to Tang Un, hoping that some distant relatives there would help him, but they cast him off. He was a pitiful object, and when we learned that he had been sleeping in temples, we felt that since we had an extra Chinese bed in our cook's room, we should let the little fellow sleep there until he could find something to do. I ran upstairs, and prepared a good dinner for him, but—what do you think? He refused to touch it. Yes, he really believed that we wished to poison him, after which we would dig his eyes out. However, he gladly accepted the proffer of a bed, and gratefully received a few 'cash,' or Chinese pennies, to pay for having his head shaved and his hair combed. The cook and the preacher each gave a garment to him, and then the cook, armed with soap, a cloth, and hot water, literally scrubbed the dirty little body. When we next saw him, we could scarcely believe that the rosy, smiling face, and neatly combed hair belonged to the unkempt little beggar of an hour before. He would run on errands for the Chinese in our house, and in return received his food. Soon, too, he lost all fear of us, and greedily ate the scraps from our table. He wished to study, and the preacher's wife gladly taught him. He learned to pray and to sing, and seemed to have a real desire to serve Jesus. He quickly learned to sweep the chapel, scrub floors, and do many little things to earn his food. In August I left Tang Un and came back to Wuchow.

By the way, I have not yet told you this boy's name. He was called 'Kwok Cheung,' and continued to work for Miss Doner. I shall quote from one of her letters. She wrote: 'Kwok Cheung is getting to be a good boy, and it is wonderful to see the change in him since he came here. He needs a gentle reproof once in a while, but it does him good. Last evening he asked if he could come and pray with me. I said he might, and I wish you could have heard him pray. Then I read a chapter from the Bible to him, and he told me about his experiences. He knows much of the Gospel, and wishes to be baptized, but I told him he must wait awhile.

I have been informed that a widow with a large family of children wished him to work for her. He will have a good home there if obedient. We cannot understand why he did not give himself to Jesus, for we would have been so glad to educate him for the Lord. It may be that as he sees the difference between the treatment received in a Christian home and that received in a heathen home, he may really repent and be saved.

I send his photograph taken with a little dog, 'Scamp,' who lives at the Boys' school. We have prayed very earnestly for him, and I ask you to continue with us in prayer.

Last September, just about the time you dear boys and girls entered school after a happy vacation, a dear young girl whom I knew before I went to Tang Un, came to see us. We offered to teach her, and she came daily for several weeks to our home. She could not attend the school, for her days were usually very busy, but she could run in to us at odd times. We learned to love her, and hoped she would really learn to love and serve Jesus. Suddenly she ceased calling, and when we met her in the street she hurried by with averted face. Our hearts were pained, and we prayed for her. Soon we learned from a neighbor that her only living parent, a wicked father, had cruelly beaten her because she had been coming here. He threatened to whip her more severely if she ever spoke to the 'foreign devils' again. However, a few days ago, when we passed her in the street, she ventured to smile at us, and we hope her father will soon consent to her coming to visit us. I am sure you will pray for her. Now, I wish to tell you of a dear young girl with bound feet. Her name is Amui Cheung, and she has been a very proud girl. Her father (who died a few years ago), used to be a wealthy official, and so long as he lived, she and her mother dwelt in a fine house; had servants, and rode in a sedan-chair when they went to call upon friends. Now they are quite poor, and many old friends have forgotten them. They must do their own work, and either remain at home, or walk if they go calling.

I have written before that Chinese girls do not walk upon the public streets as in our country, and so this girl scarcely goes out of the house. Of course, girls who must work to support themselves go freely on the streets, but bound-footed girls of respectable families do not venture out except on rare occasions. Several months ago Mrs. Cheung came to our meetings, and from the first ceased to worship idols. She has come almost daily for two months, to be taught to read, and we have found it such a joy to instruct her. Now she is reading Mark's Gospel, and is as happy as a child with a new 'reader.' We have prayed with her each day, and she has learned to trust our God. She dearly loves Amui, and has sought to teach her to give up the idols and ancestral worship. This the young girl was at first unwilling to do, for her few friends have laughed at her for having the 'foreign devil women' teach her, and they have also frightened her by saying that if she ceased

to worship idols the evil spirits would trouble her. We have called to see her several times, and gradually she has lost her fear.

A few weeks ago a fire broke out in a house near her and spread rapidly. I ran over to help them pack and move their valuables away. Suddenly one of the foreign men of our mission appeared at the door, and said that the powder magazine was very near, and should the fire reach it we would undoubtedly be killed. He urged us to hurry away. I tried to persuade the mother to go, but she felt she must seek to save a few more things. She told her daughter to accompany me, whereupon the girl began to weep. I told her that I should be afraid to take her home with me if she cried, for people would say I was kidnapping her. So she wiped her eyes, grasped my hand, and we pushed our way through the crowd to my home. She thus made her first visit to us, and was very grateful for our help and care.

I must tell you that the fire was quenched before either the powder magazine or her house was burned. This fact caused her mother to recognize God's loving care and protection, and I am sure Amui herself was convinced that the evil spirits were powerless to afflict them while Jesus protected. Once since then, during the Chinese New Year's festivities, Mrs. Cheung persuaded Amui to come and see us. Yesterday the mother came with beaming face to tell us that her darling had freely give up the idol worship, and had brushed away all of the old incense pots and sticks, and was willing to keep the Lord's Day as a day of rest and worship. Dear children, I wish you could realize how full of joy our hearts are over this dear girlie. We hope she will freely give her heart to Jesus, and, with her dear mother, soon be baptized. She has one brother, a young man now away from home. Will you please join us in prayer for this family? God has also blessed our Girls' and Boys' Schools, and we hope they will prove a means of the Gospel's entrance into many homes. There were twelve girls at the Girls' School last year, and we hope to have more this year. Dr. Glover has charge of the Boys' School, and sixteen of the lads have enrolled their names for this year. A few weeks ago I received $1.12 in gold (which sum amounted to $2.25 in silver currency), from three dear children in America. They wished me to use the money to help some child in China. Just about the same time I received their offering, I learned that one of our Chinese Christians had been entrusted with the oversight of two boys. This man has a son and daughter, but when his dying friend wished him to provide for his boys he could but promise to do his best. He longed to send both boys to the Mission School, but felt that he could hardly afford to send two. After prayer and consultation with Dr. Glover, who has charge of the boys, I decided to use the $2.00 to pay one boy's tuition for the year, and to give the twenty-five cents for pens, books, etc. The boy is a very bright, pretty lad of twelve years, and is called Tsau Shan Chun, or Shan Chun Tsau, as you would say. Who can tell the good the pennies saved and given by those dear children will do?, Are there not more boys and girls who will deny themselves some of the things they have before enjoyed for the blessed privilege of helping some child in heathen lands to learn of Jesus?

A license to do wrong conferred upon a few must somewhat infringe upon the rights of the many. The suffering and the degradation flowing from the liquor traffic clearly prove this.—Prof. E. A. Parkes, M.D.

How Jan Saved the Minister.

('Sunday Friend.')

'The minister is coming to Wiemarck!'

From mouth to mouth the news passed, though it had to be whispered very quietly and cautiously; for in Holland, during the latter part of the sixteenth century, it was not always safe to tell all that one thought or knew. 'Walls have ears,' the old proverb says, and when Alva ruled in the Low Countries, things spoken in secret seemed to find their way through most mysterious channels to the knowledge of him and his instruments. Men were afraid to trust their next-door neighbors; women feared to confide even in those who had been their life-long friends. Not only the walls of the towns, but the poplars that stood so stiff and straight and silent by the roadsides; the green canals that glided so quietly through the misty lowlands; the very winds that swept through the lonely country lanes, seemed to be eavesdroppers, and to have voices with which they could carry news of every little thing that happened to the ears of the despot.

And yet, in spite of that, Alva and the little army of Inquisitors at his back, could not quench the spirit of liberty in Holland. Orders might be given that the Bible was not to be read by the common people; yet it was read, night after night, in thousands of Dutch homes. The sale of the book was forbidden, yet pedlers carried it from place to place with tracts and other writings of ministers of the reformed religion, and, concealing these more precious wares among their other merchandise, found plenty of purchasers. All the burnings and torturings that the Inquisitors could devise did not prevent men from thinking for themselves, and talking among themselves about those subjects which were dear to them. Meetings might be prohibited, and ministers hunted from hiding place to hiding place; yet for all that many a service was held in churches 'not made with hands,' many a hymn ascended to the blue dome of God's heaven, and many a Bible reading took place behind closed doors and shutters, on those evenings when the hunted ministers were paying secret visits to their friends.

One of the wandering pedlers I have mentioned had just been to Wiemarck, and, while selling laces and cloth stuffs at the house of the Van Steens, had whispered that Master Cornelius Muler, a preacher whose name was known throughout the Low Countries, was coming on a visit to the little town. Before very long, every member of the Reformed Church in Weimarck knew of it, and knew also that a great camp meeting would take place on the morrow, in a lonely meadow not very far from the town.

The Van Steens spared no pains to make ready for the guest, who was to stay for the night at their house. Floors were scrubbed, chairs and tables rubbed, till all were speckless; plates and dishes were polished up till they shone like mirrors; plenty of good fare was provided, though so cautiously that none of the townsfolk who were not already in the secret suspected that any one was paying their neighbors a visit. At last everything was ready, and the Van Steens waited eagerly for the arrival of the guest.

Night had fallen two or three hours when there came a gentle tapping at the door; it was opened cautiously; and Master Muler, weary and travel-stained, was eagerly welcomed in. The best chair was placed in position for him; one member of the family ran to get him easier footgear, and to relieve him of his heavy mud-caked boots; another took his hat and cloak, a third hastened to fetch in a bowl of steaming soup. Not a word was he allowed to speak until he had eaten; then, when the meal was over, and the pastor rested, all the family drew their chairs together, and the news of Weimarck was exchanged for that of the world outside. Sad stories for the most part were those that Master Muler and his faithful friends had to tell, stories of treachery and betrayal, of torturing and burnings, of fights by land and sea; though there was a silver lining even to the very dark cloud of tyranny that spread over Holland at that time; and incidents of brave endurance and faithfulness 'even unto death' were neither few nor far between.

When Master Muler had told his little band of hearers of his wanderings since they had last seen him, and of the escapes he had from those who sought his life, and when Master Van Steen in return had given him the news of the town during his absence, there was silence in the room for a few minutes. Then Master Van Steen rose from his chair, and, going to the doors and windows, felt first that all bolts and bars were securely drawn, and all shutters closed, so that no late passer could see what was going on within the house. He then slid aside a portion of the wainscot, disclosing a tiny secret cupboard, from which he took a couple of books—a Bible, and a slim little volume containing a few of the hymns then in use among the members of the religion. These he handed to the minister, who for a few minutes turned over the leaves in silence, and then read out, in a low, but distinct voice, the eighteenth psalm. When that was ended, a verse of one of Luther's hymns was read out, and Master Muler and the Van Steens joined very softly in singing it; then came another verse, and so on until the hymn was finished, and after a few words of prayer from the minister, the books were put back in their hiding place.

'Well,' said Master Van Steen, when that was done, 'you will doubtless be tired after your journeyings, and we shall need to rise early for to-morrow's meeting. I have given all our good friends the news, and they are going to assemble at the old meeting place before the rest of the townsfolk are astir. Bring a light, Jan, and show the minister to his chamber.'

Jan, Van Steen's eldest son, was an intelligent boy of fifteen, and as there was not too much accommodation in their little house, even for the needs of their family, it had been arranged that the minister should share his room for the night. Jan ran to fetch a dip, and, when good nights had been said, he lit it, and led the way to the room.

'We use this old bottle for a candlestick,' he said to the minister, placing the dip into its queer holder; and in a few minutes the two were undressed.

'I can feel thankful for both light and bed,' said Master Muler, 'for many a night lately have I spent under the dark sky, with a heap of grass, or of leaves for my only pillow. Still, I have little to complain of; many of our religion, shut up in prison cells, would be only too glad to-night to feel the free air of heaven around them, and to know that they would wake with the blue sky above, and the song of the birds in their ears. Let us hope that brighter days may be in store for Holland. What time is the meeting to-morrow?'

'At five o'clock, my father said; but we shall have to rise before that—the field is

some way from the town. Father is going to call us,' said Jan.

'I am glad of that; for when once I get to sleep on this soft bed, I am afraid all my good resolutions will not help me to rise betimes. Good-night—we must not waste any of our short night in talk; that will keep for the daylight.'

In a very few minutes, the minister, tired out with his wanderings, was fast asleep, and Jan soon followed him into the land of dreams. But the excitement of the minister's coming, and the anticipation of the morrow's meeting, made the boy's slumbers less sound than those of Master Muler. A meeting of those 'of the religion' was something to look forward to in those days. Jan had only been to two; but they marked red-letter days in his life; and this night memories of them—of the grand old psalms sung all the more heartily, because they were forbidden; of the band of armed men joining warmly in the service, but keeping cautious watch all the time for the enemy's approach; of the slight but striking figure of the minister in the centre of his persecuted people—mingled with Jan's dreams. He fancied himself at one of these gatherings, and imagined that suddenly a cry went up, 'The soldiers are upon us!' With the rest of the people, he turned to flee, but sudden fear seemed to paralyze his limbs; he struggled and struggled, and the next moment he awoke.

Moonlight was streaming into the room, and by his side the minister was peacefully sleeping, but Jan's dream kept him from going off again, and he lay awake, listening nervously to every sound; the lapping of the canal against the bank near the house; the rustling of the wind; the creaking of stairs and window frames. Suddenly another sound reached his ears, and caused him to sit up in bed with his heart thumping against his ribs, and his skin 'creeping' with fear. Some one was trying to force an entrance to the house, for it was the rasping of a file which met his ears.

He sprang out of bed, and made his way to the window, out of which he peered cautiously. In the roadway below, he could make out the forms of several men; and the glinting of the moonlight on the steel told him that they were all well armed, with pikes, arquebuses, and swords.

His first thought was to awaken the minister, whose life they were evidently seeking, and he turned back towards the bed. But another idea flashed across his mind. It was pretty certain that the house must be surrounded, and any attempt to escape was sure to be frustrated; on the other hand, to remain within meant capture, directly the soldiers had forced an entrance. Resistance was out of the question; and if he roused the minister and his father, the result would probably be an attempt at flight, which would cost both of them their lives.

But what could be done?, Jan's quick mind soon answered the question. Hurrying into his clothes, he next snatched up the minister's hat and cloak, which no doubt were well known to the soldiers. Then he opened the window noiselessly; and tied the end of a rope which had been placed in the room, in case of such emergency, to a bracket in the wall. When everything was ready for his purpose, he stole back to the bedside, and shook the minister gently. Master Muler was too sound asleep to be roused like that, and Jan shook him more roughly. Directly the minister opened his eyes, Jan signed to him to be silent.

'Not a sound, Master Muler,' he whispered, 'the soldiers are waiting below, and your life is in danger. Go down to father at once, and rouse him. I will draw the soldiers away from the house; and when they have gone, you can make your escape.'

Jan stole back noiselessly towards the window. For a moment the minister, still half asleep, seemed scarcely to understand; and the boy seized the rope, and lowered it very gently into the street. Then suddenly the minister realized what was happening, and sprang out of bed to stop Jan, but he was just too late. Young Van Steen squeezed through the open window, slid down the rope, and in a moment, was down among the astonished soldiery.

Before they could raise pike or arquebus, he had dashed through them; and, flinging himself into the canal, was swimming for dear life.

'The minister! Muler, the heretic minister!' they shouted; and at the cry men from the other side of the house dashed around, to join in the pursuit. Directly the coast was clear, Van Steen, whom Muler had by this time awakened, let his guest out through a door at the back, and the minister in a few minutes was rushing from his foes into the open country.

In the meantime, the soldiers were too busy over the first fugitive, whose hat and cloak they had recognized, to think of the other inmates of the house. Some rushed along the street, to secure a boat; but, though there were plenty of cumbrous barges moored alongside, no lighter craft could be found. One man dashed into the water; and, weighed down by his heavy accoutrements, gave some of his comrades a hard job to rescue him from the slime of the canal. Others fired off their weapons at the boy, but the light was so uncertain, and the distance across the water so deceptive, and the men took so long to adjust their cumbrous arquebuses, as to set in motion the wheels which took the place of triggers in those ancient weapons, that their shots all fell wide of the mark. At last, a boat was secured, and the men pulled across the canal towards the woods on the other bank, which they spent the rest of the night in exploring. But by this time Pastor Muler was miles away in the other direction; and Jan himself, by a very simple ruse, managed to elude his pursuers. Running in the darkness along the towing-path of the canal, he came at last to a small boat, which he pushed off from the shore directly the soldiers left theirs. In half an hour's time he was back again at his father's house.

Master Van Steen was very much afraid that he would receive another visit from the soldiers for harboring the minister, but day after day passed, without any signs of them.

'I expect they scarcely liked to tell the officers at headquarters that the minister had escaped them,' said he to Jan, 'and so reported that it was all a false rumor about his being at our house.'

'Well, I left the minister's hat and cloak in the river,' said Jan, 'and that ought to be proof enough.'

John Manchester's Mistake.

(Hope Daring, in 'Michigan Advocate.')

'Hilton!' called the brakesman, as he passed through the almost deserted passenger coach.

A tall, stalwart young man sat up and endeavored to smooth his disordered blonde hair. 'Clayton next,' he said to himself. 'Fifteen minutes more and I will be at home. I shall be glad, even if I have been gone but a week. Ah, that week has wrought a wondrous change in John Manchester. Life never meant as much to me as now.'

He leaned forward and looked from the car window at the fields all sere and browned by the heat of the August sun. It was early morning. The breeze that floated in at the open window was cool and moist, and the dewdrops reflected the radiance of the newly risen sun.

John Manchester was the only child of a dry goods merchant whose home was in the little town of Clayton. The lad had graduated from high school at the age of eighteen, and for two years had been his father's bookkeeper and clerk. He was returning from spending a week with his aunt, his mother's sister.

While gone he had attended a camp-meeting. He had heard Bishop Cox preach, and in the sermon John had heard God's voice calling him. He heeded the call. Now he was coming home to Clayton—a Christian.

He was recalling the rapturous happiness of the last few days when the train stopped. Hurriedly gathering up his belongings, he sprang down the steps and hurried in the direction of his home, drawing in long breaths of the sweet, pure air.

On reaching the house he went round to the kitchen door, for he knew that his parents would not be up. Hetty, the maid, greeted him carelessly and added:

'Your pa was cross 'cause you didn't come yisterday. Said he couldn't see what you wanted to come in the night for.'

John smiled as he ran up the back stairs. It was to hear Bishop Cox preach once more that he had stayed, cheerfully accepting the discomforts of the night's journey.

'I wonder how father will take it,' he thought. 'I am glad Aunt Pauline wrote them. It would have been embarrassing for me to have explained.'

He laid out clean clothing for himself, then made his way down the upper hall to the bath-room. He had just emerged from there, refreshed and invigorated, when a door opened and his father stepped into the hall.

'Ah, John, back, I see,' and he held out his hand.

There were a few questions and answers on both sides. Mr. Manchester was about to pass on when John asked, a strange note of hesitancy in his voice:

'You got Aunt Pauline's letter?'

'Yes.'

That one word—hard and cold—was all. John summoned all his courage and spoke again.

'I hope, father, you were not—well, not displeased.'

Mr. Manchester compressed his thin lips, while his dark eyes avoided meeting those of his son. 'I shall be displeased if you make one of the emotional, canting kind of Christians. I hope that you will never forget that you are my son.'

John was too sorely hurt to heed this egotistical remark. 'What did my mother say?' he asked, at the same time vowing to himself that it would be the last time he would mention the matter to his father.

'Oh, it threw her into a nervous headache. She has wept the most of the time since.'

There was no more said. John was nearly through dressing, when he spied an envelope addressed to himself on the table. Tearing it open he read:

'Dear Friend:—I ran in to ask your mother if you would be home in time to attend a delightful picnic which we are arranging for, and she asked me to leave a note. The picnic is to be at Wall lake next Sunday, just a party of our own boys and girls. We will depend on you.

'Your mother tells me you have become a Christian. I am glad, John. I know so little about such things. My mother was a

lovely Christian woman, but she died when I was four years old, and there has never been any one to teach me. I am sure you will be very happy.

'Cordially yours,

'HAZEL LEWIS.'

Hazel was a pretty, dark-eyed girl, John's favorite among the maidens of Clayton. They were friends in a simple, earnest way, that was all.

John's face grew very grave. He stood with the note in his hand until the breakfast bell rang, then he completed his toilet and hastened down to find his mother waiting for him at the foot of the stairs.

Mrs. Manchester was a semi-invalid, a fair, faded woman, whose face had once been much like that of her son. She threw her arms around John's neck and said brokenly:

'I am so glad, John. I had prayed for it, but had almost lost hope. You will find the Christian life a hard—'

'Do you people know that it is ten minutes after breakfast time?' called out the sharp voice of Mr. Manchester.

In silence they took their places at the breakfast table. The sun looked in through the leaves and spreading tendrils of the English ivy whose luxuriant growth covered the upper part of the great east window, the table was spread with embroidered linen, fragile china and glistening silver and the coffee, broiled fish, muffins and blackberries were excellent, but John's enjoyment in all these things had been clouded by his welcome home.

He sighed a little as he started for the store. He knew his mother expected him to wait for a talk with her, but the sight of her eyes brimming with tears depressed him. To be sure, tears were usually in Mrs. Manchester's eyes, for she had drifted into a weak, complaining state of mind which was very hard for those about her.

'Somehow I thought everything was going to be different,' John said to himself. 'Well, I'll have to make the best of it.'

There were many little annoyances that day, and he forgot that Christ will give grace for the little troubles of life as well as for the great ones. At last he accepted the fatal theory that his religion must be something set apart from his daily life. So he said nothing when Charlie Peters, his particular friend, strengthened an assertion he made with an oath. A short time after this he nodded affirmatively in reply to the question as to whether a certain piece of dimity would wash well, when he really knew nothing about it.

On his way back from supper he met Hazel. 'Glad to see you, John. You look tired out,' she said, her brown eyes scanning his face. 'That's usually the way when one goes away for recreation. The picnic will set you up.'

For one moment John hesitated. He recalled the quiet joy and peace of the Sunday before. He knew well that a picnic at Wall lake meant a merry time, sports and gaiety—all proper in their places, but surely not the way to keep the Sabbath holy.

'I'd rather not go,' he thought, 'but to begin to refuse to do as I always have done will make my religion obnoxious. Oh, I wish I could have stayed over next Sunday with Aunt Pauline!'

He pledged himself for the picnic. So the days passed by, and John's outer life was unchanged, while his inward peace grew dim.

Mrs. Manchester had forgotten all about Hazel's chatter of the picnic. Sunday morning she questioned Hetty as to why John's place at the breakfast table was empty, and learned that he had had an early breakfast so as to start on his drive of twelve miles while it was cool.

'Gone to a picnic to-day,' she murmured, and the pain at her heart was too great for even tears.

It was a perfect day for a picnic, sunny and warm, yet with a faint breeze that tempered the heat and rippled the shining waters of the lake. Notwithstanding the beauty by which he was surrounded, notwithstanding the companionship of his most congenial friends, John Manchester was wretched.

At dinner the climax came. The meal was served on a long table which the owner of the grounds had placed in the shade of a group of stately oaks. The little party were lingering over the cream and cake, when Will Vinton said abruptly:

'There's the queerest story floating round town about you, Manchester. I don't see how such things get started.'

John's face flushed. 'What is it?' he asked.

'Why, they say you were converted while you were gone. When Hampton told me I said it was utter nonsense, for you had promised to come with us to-day.'

Charlie Peters laughed merrily. 'That's a good joke on you, John, for—'

Just then his eyes fell on Hazel's expressive face, and he stopped to ask abruptly:

'What is it, Hazel?'

She turned with simple dignity to John. 'Have you never told them? It is true. John is a Christian.'

Never will John Manchester forget the moment that followed. It was not only the harm he had done his friends that confronted him, he understood that he had denied the power of Christ to keep and make pure.

'Well,' and Charlie threw back his head, 'John, you may have a modern kind of religion, but it isn't the kind my dear old grandmother had.'

'Don't,' Hazel cried impulsively. 'I am to blame. I asked John to come. I never thought about it making a difference. I—I wish, John, you had told me.'

John rose slowly to his feet. 'I am the only one to blame. I was converted and came home with my heart full of joy. I hardly know what is wrong. I thought God's Spirit in my heart must not change my outer life. I see my mistake. All my life I shall regret that I have denied Christ before you.'

No one spoke. John turned away and strode off in the direction of the woods, which bordered one side of the lake.

The sun was nearing the western horizon and the party were preparing for the homeward drive when John joined them. Upon his face was a rapt look. Unconsciously all felt sure that he had spent those hours with the One to whom his life was now pledged.

'I want to ask your forgiveness,' he said slowly, 'for causing you to think religion an idle thing. God helping me, the offence will never be repeated. I see wherein I was wrong. I was trying to put the new wine of my spiritual life into the old bottle of my self-centred past. Christ has forgiven this as well as my other sins, and henceforth my life belongs to him.'

Charlie Peters stepped forward and grasped the hand of his friend. 'Those words have the right ring. We all honor you for the position you have taken.'

John did not stop there. It was hard for him to confess his mistake at home, but he did it. The talk that followed this between his mother and himself was a revelation to the son. The hours of that Sabbath day had brought a lesson also to Mrs. Manchester, and she roused herself and became a help and an inspiration to John.

As for John Manchester, he was fully awakened to a sense of his responsibility toward God and man. He became a joyful worker for the Master, and in time saw his father and many of his young friends accept Christ as a personal Saviour.

'Old Catherine.'

I had just arrived at the 'dress coat period'; I was a collegian of good standing; a church member (*I blush to say it*); the oldest son of my parents; I bore my father's honored name, and I was surrounded by all that love and wealth could give. My parents were not over-indulgent, but they were loving and careful, and they were, as I can now see them, when I look back from the height of the seventy years which I have climbed since then, true lovers of all mankind.

I was too young and flippant in those days to realize, as I did later, that my parents, while joining cheerfully in the recreations of the social world, with all the surroundings proper to their station, yet had for their less-favored fellow-beings constant thought and love, which they displayed unostentatiously and quietly.

And they did nothing 'to be seen of men,' so few knew the extent of their benefactions. Indeed, I, myself, little guessed all my parents' noble bounty.

One evening, when they were to give a large reception, and I had come down from my room dressed, as my sister Fanny expressed it, 'to kill,' I chanced to pass through an outer corridor just in time to hear one of the maids say to a woman:

'Outside! Go away now! The lady is engaged!'

On the impulse of the moment, I stepped forward and almost shouted:

'Begone, beggar!'

The tottering step was stayed; an old, old face looked up at me; a thin, quavering voice replied to me:

'I mean no harm, sir. Long may you be spared to your noble mother! You are but young, and over proud as yet.'

I almost tremble with shame when I tell you that I stamped my foot and repeated:

'Begone!'

'Her name is "Old Catherine,"' said the maid.

'She is an impudent old beggar,' I replied.

Turning suddenly, I beheld my father, whose face was whiter than his handkerchief. Seizing me firmly by the collar—me, with my eighteen years and my excellent record at home and at college—he turned me about with such force that I nearly knocked my sister Fanny down.

'To your room, sir!' he thundered. 'Take off your dress coat and your evening adornments, and come instantly to my study.'

I should as soon have thought of setting fire to our house as of disobeying my father. I skulked—yes, I am not ashamed to say that I skulked—to my luxurious room. Before my numerous mirrors, and beside my elegant dressing-table, I divested myself of my new and beloved toggery, donned that night for the first time.

As I entered my father's study, my eyes sought the floor. I had not the courage to meet his stern reproving glance. Thus it happened that I did not observe that my mother was also there—my usually radiant mother. At last, as I looked furtively up, I saw her face, and it seemed to turn me to stone. The sadness, the ache which I read in her eyes I can never forget.

'Frederick,' she said 'old as you are, you must listen to a story from your mother's

lips, as patiently as you did when a little child, if not as gladly.'

'Will you not be late for your guests, mother?' I inquired.

'Silence, sir!' thundered my father.

'Frederick,' my mother's sweet voice went on, seeming to chill me as if with ice, 'long years ago there lived in a lovely home a pretty, smiling, happy woman, blessed with a devoted husband and a dear little boy.

'Years passed. God, in the great mystery of his dealings, took from this happy wife the husband, almost the adored. He was a young physician, and left no fortune. The widowed mother, to keep her dear boy at his studies, gave lessons in singing, and also embroidered plentifully for money. When the son was twenty, and was almost ready to begin the practice of his profession, a terrible attack of pneumonia injured his mother's throat, so that she could sing no more. To verify the oft-repeated adage that troubles never come singly, an accident by fire disabled her right hand. Thus she could sew no more. Then the brave and noble son worked day and night in order to fit himself the sooner to take on his young shoulders the care of that beloved mother.

'He was prospered. Not many months passed before life seemed to smile again upon him. He managed to meet all their expenses, but, of course, could lay by nothing.

'"Oh, if only my life and strength are spared, mother dear!" he would say, and she would sometimes reply: "Oh, Clarence, if my life were only not a burden and a hindrance to you!" A warm and loving kiss would then be the reply, but it spoke volumes.

'One day, just at the holidays, as Clarence was laughingly telling his mother that he wished they had uncles, aunts and cousins by the score, in order that they might be invited to see what a good "provider" and "head of the house" he made, and what a cosy home they had, a violent fit of coughing seized him, and left him faint and white. His mother quickly called a doctor, who told her, "Your boy has been burning the candle at both ends; he must be careful; he can scarcely rally from another attack like this."

'I am making my story long, Frederick. His story was short. He died in less than a month after that first attack. Can you for a moment put yourself in his mother's place?'

My mother's story had been taking pretty strong hold of my feelings. Still, I couldn't tell what connection it had with my offence and my father's terrible anger.

When my mother had finished, my father said, 'Frederick, all my guests to-night will be gentlemen, as I truly believe. I cannot introduce among them a man like yourself, nor will I allow, even though you are my son, that while you are what I find you to be, you should be the host and entertainer of your sister's young friends. Do not enter my drawing-room to-night.'

Then my pale and trembling mother rose, and, laying her dear hand on my shoulder (she had to reach up to do it), she said, 'An apology, Frederick, should never be compulsory. We should wait till the right spirit prompts us—but—Catherine Eaton lives on the hill in a little cottage covered with roses. Her boy planted them to give gladness to her life. If you should ever go there, I shall not ask you to tell me of it.'

'I thought your brother Fred was home from college,' said one and another blushing beauty to my sister Fanny.

'Yes, he is home from college,' said Fanny, 'but he has an engagement to-night.'

'That's rather nice and gentlemanly of him,' they would whisper, but no further explanation could be made.

After every guest was gone, a low tap came on the door of my mother's dressing room.

'Mother,' whispered a voice, 'mother—your little Fred was never shut out of here. Has your big Fred grown out of any rights here?'

There was something in the tone which mothers understand. No haughty, insolent boy was speaking now.

'Come in, my son.'

The door was gently opened, and quickly I threw myself down at my mother's feet and laid my head in her lap, my tears—the tears of true manliness—ruining her beautiful evening dress.

'Mother, I have spent the evening at Mrs. Eaton's cottage. With God's help, I will see to it that, as far as may be, Clarence Eaton's place will be filled.'

The gladdest, proudest moment of my life was when my dear mother, unmindful of her costly dress, damaged by my tears of contrition and shame, called my father into the room, saying, 'My husband, your son was lost and is found.'—'Church Standard.'

Lou's Opportunity.

(By Kate S. Gates.)

'Oh, mamma,' said Lou Sherman, with a little sigh, as she dropped the paper she had been reading, 'it seems to me I would almost be willing to be an invalid if I could do as much good as the girl in this story did. She was a real blessing to every one in town, and yet she could not leave her bed. It is so beautiful to think how they all came to her with their troubles, and she always helped them some way.'

'I agree with you, dear,' answered her mother, 'but is there any reason why one in health should not do the same?'

'People would not be so apt to come to you if you were well and strong and busy,' said Lou.

'Why not? If one is in the habit of being helpful, I think people will come to be helped. They come any way, I'm sure. I heard Hattie Ellis telling you a long story only yesterday how cross and disagreeable her Aunt Martha is. Now I know that Miss Martha Ellis is thoroughly good at heart, but she is not used to children at all, and it is very trying for her to have the care of four wide awake, mischievous boys and girls. I suppose now if you had been a bed-ridden invalid you would have suggested this to Hattie, and have tried to influence her to help her aunt all she could. But being only a perfectly healthy girl you encouraged her in her fault-finding, and so made poor Miss Martha's task harder than ever.'

'Oh, mamma, I'm so ashamed!' exclaimed Lou, with crimson cheeks. 'I did not really think I was doing harm, and Miss Martha is so fussy.'

'I know, dear, she may be, but remember as I say she is not used to children. She has lived quietly by herself these many years, and we cannot change our habits easily, you know. Hattie could help her very much if she would try and you could have helped Hattie. Don't waste any more time thinking what you could do if you were an invalid, but be on the watch to see how you can help those about you now. Very often a word or two will turn the scale one way or the other; ask God to keep you from letting any of yours turn it the wrong way.'

Lou sat thinking for a long time; things that had happened came back to her as she thought. She had half envied this girl, but after all had she not much the same opportunities? Yes, there had been plenty of times when she might have allayed trouble and smoothed rough places, or made kind suggestions, but as far as she could remember she had done just the opposite. Her eyes filled with tears and from her heart went up an earnest cry for help to do better in the future.

Only a short time before a new family had moved into town who had manifested from the first a decided objection to giving to any one any of their past history. It had, of course, created considerable curiosity, but as they were without doubt refined, cultivated people, they had been slowly admitted into society. The oldest daughter was one of Lou's schoolmates.

The next morning after Lou's talk with her mother she found a knot of girls in the school dressing-room talking very excitedly.

'Oh, Lou, what do you think?' asked one as she came in. 'We've found out why the Rawsons have been so private about themselves. Helen's brother Arthur is in prison for forgery. I don't think I shall care to have much to do with her now.'

It was on Lou's tongue to say, 'Neither shall I,' when something held her back. Her talk with her mother the night before flashed into her mind. 'A word or two will often turn the scale one way or the other.' Was not this an opportunity! But she had secretly felt jealous of Helen at the time because her own particular friend Lizzie Ames had been so taken with her. Lou was very jealous of her friends, and wanted them all to herself. Why need she interfere about Helen; very likely she was not a nice girl.

'A word will often turn the scale; ask God to let none of yours turn it the wrong way.'

How those words of her mother's rang in her ears. Lou turned slowly and resolutely around.

'It will make it so hard for Helen, Jennie,' she said earnestly, 'if we girls cut her, and I cannot see why she is to blame for her brother's sin. I think we ought to be all the kinder to her; don't you?'

'If we pretend to follow the Golden Rule, I expect we had,' answered Greta Parks, promptly.

'I'm glad you spoke as you did, Lou, only I'm ashamed that I did not see it so myself. I know I should feel badly enough if I were Helen, and it would be more than cruel for us to give her the cold shoulder now.'

'I found a little opportunity to-day, mamma,' said Lou that night. 'I tried to use it, and I think I did help some, but oh, mamma, to think how many times I have let my words go the wrong way!'

Livingstone's Coat.

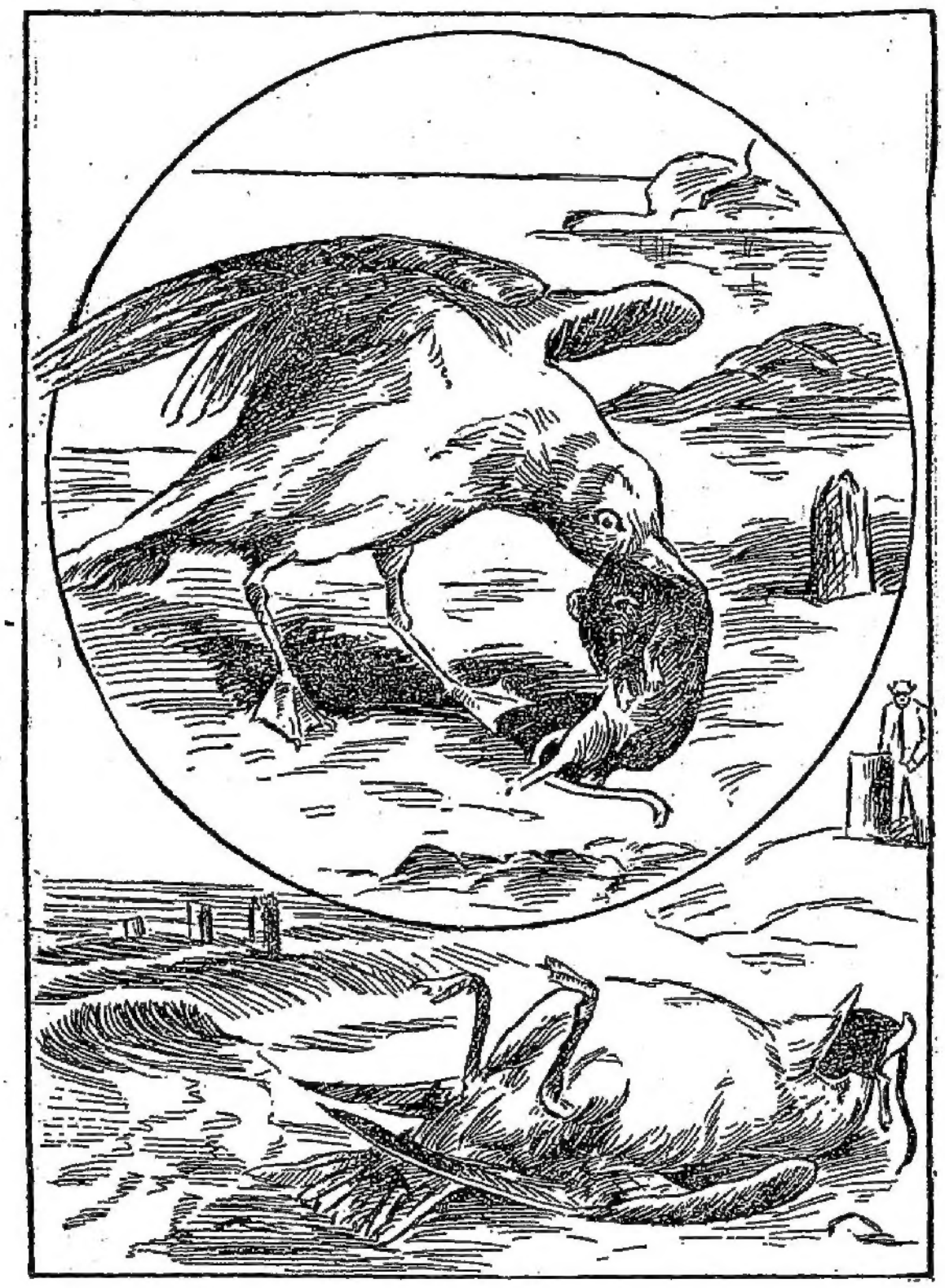
The Charterhouse School contains an old tattered coat, given by Livingstone in the course of his last journey to one of his native followers. This native gave it, many years after, to Bishop Maples, who presented it to the school. The Bishop gives an account of the incident. The native African, he writes, described Livingstone:—'A short man, with a bushy moustache, and a keen, piercing eye, whose words were always gentle, and whose manners were always kind, whom as a leader it was a privilege to follow, and who knew the way to the hearts of all men. . . Then he showed me the coat; it was ragged now, he knew, but he had kept it those ten years in memory of the giver, from whom it had been a legacy when they parted at Mataka's. To no one but an Englishman would he part with it; but he let me have it as one of Livingstone's brothers (he said), and it now lies in the museum at Charterhouse School.'—'Fireside.'

LITTLE FOLKS

A Greedy Sea-Gull.

Many of our sea-birds are greedy feeders. Not only nice fresh silvery fishes are enjoyed by them, but they will also pick up any refuse left on the beach, or floating on the water. In fact, many of them make capital scavengers, just like the storks in eastern cities, and the vultures in desert places.

One day a Norfolk gentleman was walking along the beach between Lowestoft and Yarmouth.



IT SERVED HIM RIGHT.

It was early in the year, and the crowds of laughing, chattering boys and girls from London, and a hundred other towns, were not there to scare the white sea-birds.

There, in front of him, lay a big herring gull, seemingly resting on the shingle. He got quite close to it—within a few yards—before it rose and flapped heavily away out to sea. It had got something projecting from its beak; and when safely afloat, it began to cough and gasp (if that is the right way to put it) like a greedy boy, who has been so eager to swallow his portion that he has run the risk of choking.

The next day the gentleman came again. There on the beach lay the sea-gull—dead. He turned it over; something was sticking out of its mouth. Whatever do you think it was? A big brown rat!

The greedy gull had come upon the dead body of the rat, had pounced on it as a prize, and, anxious to consume it before any other gull could get news of it, had tried to bolt it. Greediness had killed the selfish bird.—'Child's Own Magazine.'

The Turn of a Hose.

Mr. Randolph advertised for an office boy, whereupon seventeen applicants presented themselves.

The senior partner of the firm of Randolph & Co., was a shrewd business man, neat and orderly, honest and honorable in all his ways—a thorough gentleman to the core. So when he cast his eyes over a boy, and noticed dusty shoes, or finger-nails that bore traces of yesterday's work and play, he dismissed him with few words. Those who returned flippant answers to his serious questions were passed by without ceremony, and there was no appeal from his decision.

It happened, therefore, that only five of the seventeen left their addresses with Mr. Randolph. Of these five, one stood out prominently in the manufacturer's mind. This was Lynde Otis, a neatly dressed, handsome lad, with an alert and pleasant manner.

The longer Mr. Randolph thought of him the stronger grew his determination to give him a trial, and the testimony of a prominent tradesman that the boy was one of the smartest in town added weight to his decision.

So a letter to Lynde Otis was penned and sealed, and lay on Mr. Randolph's desk in his little home office—the tower room that overlooked his wide lawn and garden.

The gentleman wheeled about in his chair, and was about to take up a newspaper when his eyes rested on two boys who were passing the house. One was Lynde Otis, and the face of the manufacturer lighted up pleasantly.

'A bright looking boy!' he murmured, as he noted the laughing face that chanced to turn his way.

Patrick, Mr. Randolph's man, had left the garden-hose stretched, snake-like across the lawn, and from the open end was issuing a tiny stream of water. This was Patrick's way of keeping the grass fresh.

'He's after a drink!' thought the on-looker in the tower-room, as he saw his future office boy step over the boundary of the lawn, and lift the end of the hose.

But, no, the quenching of thirst was not the aim of Master Otis. With a quick movement he turned the pipe and pulled it over the coping, so that the stream of water would flow across the sidewalk. Then he ran to overtake his companion who had passed by and stood waiting for him a little ahead. The lad glanced back to survey his work, and chuckled as ladies and

children picked their way over the wet flagging.

Mr. Randolph's face was grave and regretful; then he took the letter he had just written, and deliberately tearing it in two, dropped the pieces into the waste basket.

Another boy came up the street. His name was also on Mr. Randolph's list of five. The gentleman recognized him indifferently. Boys had slight interest for him just now.

But Thomas Gage's manner arrested his attention. He stopped at the wet place on the sidewalk, and in a moment appeared to have taken in the situation, for, lifting the end of the hose, he carefully laid it back on the lawn.

Mr. Randolph bent forward to scrutinize the lad as he proceeded up the street. Then he turned to his note-book. Against Thomas Gage's name he had written: 'Tidy, respectful, but unattractive.'

After a little thought, the senior partner wrote another letter, and it was addressed to Master Thomas Gage.

The next morning the lad who had turned the stream of water from side walk to lawn presented himself the second time at Mr. Randolph's office, and he entered upon duties in a way that pleased both his employer and his fellow workmen.

From office boy to bookkeeper, from bookkeeper to confidential clerk, and from confidential clerk to junior partner of the company, were the promotions that marked the career of Thomas Gage; but it was many years before he knew that the turn of a hose had anything to do with securing for him the position which had led to competence and honor. — 'Zion's Herald.'

A Battlefield Baby.

(Margaret Spencer in 'The Morning Star.')

Very strange place to find a baby, and a tiny baby four months old!

On the great wide battlefield of 'Wounded Knee Creek,' hundreds of Indians were killed and wounded. They were 'Big Foot's Band,' in Nebraska. A relief party was to be sent out to the battlefield the next day; but an attack upon the Agency was made by the Indians, and the soldiers could not leave to go. The next day a dreadful blizzard swept over the country, and three whole days passed after the battle before the soldiers could get to the field to look after the wounded and the dead.

Three days on that battlefield a little Indian baby girl had lain in its dead mother's arms. And how do you think she was found? Hugged up close against her mother's breast, and around them both a warm Navajo blanket, and the white snow covering them like a soft, downy quilt. It was drifted high like a wall on one side; as if God had built it to keep the storm away from them.

Only a tiny bit of the baby's head and feet were frozen. She had on her head a small leather bonnet, covered with beads, which her mother had worked into stars and stripes. An outside leather bonnet, or 'pappoose poston,' was beautifully embroidered in porcupine quills, dyed red. The long cape was of gingham, lined with flannel.

'Yellow Bird,' a friendly chief, took the baby to his lodge. General Colby, in command of the Nebraska troops, heard of the little foundling, and begged to take her home to his wife. All the Indian women had her in their tents. They had crooned over her, calling her pet names, just as we do with our little babies. They called her 'Weigala Lanuni' (lost dove), and 'Zintka Lanuni' (lost bird). But they wisely gave her to General Colby, and he and his wife legally adopted little Zintka—it is by this pretty Indian name the child is still called.

Zintka is over six years old now. She lives in Washington. She goes to kindergarten, and sings and recites the pretty exercises in a beautiful way. She is a very affectionate little child. She has a soft brown complexion, and the true Indian jet-black hair. She speaks quickly and clearly, and sometimes she flashes such a funny, sharp glance at you that you think of little Zintka's wild Sioux blood, of her Indian parents and grandparents, and then you almost wonder at the gentle, good little girl, whom everybody loves, and who seems to be so like little girls who are white.

Little Zintka told me that her 'dear little dollie once died in the night while she was asleep, but that if she had only heard her, she would have got a doctor.'

'Am I really a pappoose, mamma?' Zintka often asks Mrs. Colby.

Mrs. Colby answers her, 'Yes, dear; a pappoose is a dear little Indian baby; and you are my little Indian baby.'

Indeed, the fact that she is an Indian seems often to occupy the thoughts of this dear little Sioux. She is anxious to learn all about herself, and asks some very interesting questions in her efforts 'to find out her exact status in the human family,' says Mrs. Colby.

That Second Nail.

'One nail, more or less, will not matter,' said James Norton, as he decided not to drive the second nail into the scaffolding erected at the side of the pigeon house he was building. 'It would make your scaffolding much safer to drive that second nail,' advised the father of James who was just then passing, and had overheard the remark of his son. 'O it's safe enough,' replied James, 'I'll risk it.' With that James mounted the scaffold, and proceeded with his work. Presently in lifting one of the heavy rafters to its place James tried the strength of that one nail and, lo, down came James, and all. Of course the rafter was unhurt, and the scaffolding could soon be put up again, but James was lying on the ground with his hand bent under him, and such a sickening pain causing his head to swim, and his face to turn pale. The bones were broken at the wrist. A doctor's bill, many extra steps for mamma, several weeks of suffering for James, and a pigeon house long delayed in building were some of the results.

'What is worth doing at all, is worth doing right,' is the familiar adage. The 'make-shifts' very often bring grief. The habit of thoroughness is worth cultivating. Whether it be a task to perform, a lesson to get, or an article to read, it will pay to put good, thorough, substantial work into them.—'Sunday-school Messenger.'

Grace at Table.

FOR A CHILD.

We thank thee, Father, wise and good,
For home and friends and daily food.
Bless to our use the food we take,
And keep us all, for Jesus' sake.
—J. A. Torrey, in 'Congregationalist.'

LESSON VI.—AUGUST 5.

Jesus and the Children.

Matt. xviii., 1-14. Memory verses, 12-14.
Read Matt. xvii., 22-27. Compare Mark ix., 33-50.

Daily Readings.

M. A Parallel.—Mark ix., 33-50.
T. Application.—Matt. xxiii., 1-13.
W. Illustration.—John xiii., 1-17.
T. Commended.—Phil. ii., 1-11.
F. Enforced.—Luke xxii., 24-30.
S. Principal.—I. Cor. xiii., 1-12.

Golden Text.

'Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.'—Mark x., 14.

Lesson Text.

(1) At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? (2)And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, (3) And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven. (4)Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. (5) And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me. (6) But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea. (7) Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come: but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh! (8) Wherefore, if thy hand or foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire. (9) And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life with one eye, rather than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire. (10) Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven. (11) For the Son of Man is come to save that which was lost. (12) How think ye? If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray? (13) And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth more of that sheep, than of the ninety and nine which went not astray. (14) Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.

Lesson Hymn.

Jesus, when He left the sky
And for sinners came to die,
In His mercy passed not by
Little ones like me.

Mothers then the Saviour sought,
In the places where He taught,
And to Him their children brought—
Little ones like me.

Did the Saviour say them nay?
No, He kindly bade them stay—
Suffered none to turn away
Little ones like me.

'Twas for us His life He gave,
To redeem us from the grave;
Jesus now has power to save
Little ones like me.
—Children's Hymn.

Suggestions.

One day the disciples asked the Lord Jesus who should be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. Each one was ambitious to hold a good position at the new court, which they fancied the Lord Jesus was to form on earth, and each one probably considered himself the one worthy of the most honorable position. It is a natural fallacy of each human mind to consider itself a little superior to almost every other mind in the world.

Peter might say, I shall be the greatest for I have the greatest faith. John might think, Perhaps I shall be the greatest for I have the greatest love. Judas might think, I am already the greatest for I am the treasurer. And thus their thoughts would single out for each his own most shining quality or ability, and pride would let in anger at the self-conceit of others, and the dispute as to greatness would wax hotter and hotter, showing the smallness of mind of those who considered themselves great.

Our Saviour did not rebuke them harshly for their unloving spirit toward each other, he called to him a little child and set him in the midst of the disciples. Then he assured them that unless they turned from their sins and received the grace of God with the humble faith of a little child, they could never even enter the kingdom of heaven. Thus impressing upon them again the fact that the kingdom was not an earthly, temporal court, but an eternal kingdom of souls. As for the question of the highest positions in this kingdom, those should be awarded to the most humble and childlike souls, those who thought themselves least worthy of the honor.

Little children are very precious in the sight of our Saviour. They are among God's choicest gifts to men. It was as a little child that our Saviour came to earth, and still as each little one comes he is to be received by his parents and by the world in the name of Jesus Christ, and for his sake to be trained up for the service and joy of the Lord. Those who despise the sacred rights of childhood, and neglect or treat unkindly the little children whom God sends, are guilty of an enormous sin for which God Almighty will surely hold them responsible. It is better to die than to sin. It is better to lose something as dear as one's eye or hand or foot rather than to have that thing lead one into sin. Keep your eyes and your hands and your feet away from sin, for sin is worse than disease or deformity. It is better to cut off our own pleasures than to have those pleasures lead others into sin. He that despiseth another is a stumbling block in his way. He who considers himself better than his neighbor is guilty of despising his brother. Near to the throne of God are his messengers, the angels who have special care of young souls. By them all neglect of childhood's rights is noted and reported to our Father. It is not the will of our Father in heaven that one of these little ones should perish, neither is it the will of the angels or of any who have the Spirit of God or who dwell in his presence.

Suggested Hymns.

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far from the gates of gold;
Away on the mountain cold and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for Thee?
But the Shepherd made answer, 'This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep.'

Lord, whence are these blood drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain track?
They were shed for one who had gone astray,
E'er the Shepherd could bring him back.
Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?
They are pierced to-night by many a thorn?

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through,
E'er he found His sheep that was lost:
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick and helpless and ready to die.

Then all through the mountains, thunder riven,
And up from the rocky steep:
There arose a cry to the gates of heaven,
Rejoice I have found My sheep!
And the angels echoed around the throne,
Rejoice for the Lord brings back His own!
—E. Clephane.

Questions.

About what did the disciples dispute?
What did this dispute show?
How did our Lord answer them?
What kind of a spirit should the disciples of Christ have?
Does the Lord God value little children?
Is he willing that one should perish?
Should we be ready to give up pleasures rather than to be a stumbling block to others?
Should our eyes be allowed to look at wrong things? Or our feet to lead us into sin?
Whom did Jesus come to save?
What makes the Good Shepherd rejoice?

Illustration.

Of putting stumbling blocks in the way of children. (1) By teaching that children cannot become Christians while young: (2) by neglect of their religious training; (3) by the example of parents who are more interested in worldly things than in religion, who neglect family prayer, and the church and Sabbath-school: (4) by 'all conduct on the part of the church, the teacher, or the parent which tends to repress, chill, or check the enthusiasm of childhood for Christ, and darken its simple faith in him'; (5) by faultfinding with the church and good people in their presence, thus lessening their respect and reverence for them.—'Peloubet's Notes.'

C. E. Topic.

August 5.—The evil of envy.—Luke xv., 25-32.

Junior C. E Topic.

ENVY IS FOOLISHNESS.

Mon., July 30.—Against the commandments.—Ex. xx., 17.

Tues., July 31.—Crowds out love.—I. Cor. xiii., 4.

Wed., Aug. 1.—The source of covetousness.—Mark vii., 21, 22.

Thu., Aug. 2.—Envy is of the world.—I. Cor. iii., 3.

Fri., Aug. 3.—Not of the Spirit.—Eph. v., 9.

Sat., Aug. 4.—What we may covet.—I. Cor. xii., 31.

Sun., Aug 5.—Topic.—Why is envy foolish and sinful? Luke xv., 25-32.

Alcohol Catechism.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XX.—GROWTH OF TEMPERANCE SENTIMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

1. Q.—How many stages of temperance effort have there been in America?
A.—Six stages.
2. Q.—Name the first stage.
A.—In 1650, when the people began to have an idea that drinking intoxicating liquors was an evil, and asked each other what could be done.
3. Q.—What was the second stage?
A.—Regulating the traffic by law.
4. Q.—What was the first law made upon that subject?
A.—In 1651 a law was passed at East Hampton, Long Island, that only men appointed by the town should sell liquor, that none should be sold to Indians, and youths could not drink at late hours.
5. Q.—What was the third stage?
A.—When people began to have an idea not only of regulating, but of restricting the liquor traffic.
6. Q.—What was the first law of this kind?
A.—In Virginia in 1676 the sale of wines and ardent spirits was forbidden outside of Jamestown.
7. Q.—What took place before the fourth stage?
A.—Making and distilling spirits commenced in Boston in 1700.
8. Q.—What effect had the distilleries?
A.—The distilleries had increased to such a large number, and so much grain was

spoiled to make rum, that in 1777, it was resolved by the first United States Congress at Philadelphia, to ask the legislatures of the different states to pass laws putting an immediate stop to distilling grain.

(To be Continued.)

Tobacco Habit Among the Young.

Of late years juvenile smoking has been spreading like an epidemic in all countries of the world, and is attacking both the physical and moral health of nations. In France, in Germany, and in this country, efforts have been made to check its further inroads. In some parts of Germany, as also in portions of the United States, laws have been enacted prohibiting persons under the age of eighteen from smoking, and rendering it a punishable offence for any one to give or sell tobacco to children. In France numerous societies have been formed for the suppression of the vice.

In no country has this habit increased with the young at a greater extent than in England. The advent of the cheap cigarette is doubtless chiefly responsible for this condition of affairs. To see boys of seven or eight years old puffing their cigarettes is quite a common occurrence in London, particularly is this the case in the East End. However, when a packet containing five cigarettes can be bought for two cents, the fact that smoking has become so general can scarcely be wondered at. Sir William Harcourt, in his last speech on the Budget, referred to the large increase of revenue received from tobacco, in these words: 'I believe it is mainly due to the great increase in the consumption of cigarettes, which are especially attractive to our youthful population.' He added: 'I am told of one manufacturer who makes two million cigarettes a day, who hardly made any a few years ago.'

It has been proposed in Great Britain, as a remedy for the evil, that the members of the medical profession should make a move in the matter, and urge on the managers of schools the importance of special teaching exposing the harmfulness of juvenile smoking, and should also make such representations to parliament and the government as might lead to efficient legislation. It is difficult to see in what manner this vice can be checked among children unless by repressive measures.

On Your Pillow at Night.

(By Martha Burr Banks.)

It's a very good thing to remember about,
  Lad or lassie, the whole of the day,
When you run in or when you run cut,
  When you're at home or away;
Whether you're happy or whether you're
    sad.
  Whether it's gloomy or bright,
You must store up thoughts that will make
    you glad,
  When your head's on your pillow at night.

For that is the time when the thoughts fly
    out,
  And they come to you thick and fast,
And they're not very easily put to rout,
  Though the things that they speak of are
    past;
And selfishness, weakness, or words unkind
  Do not then seem wise or right,
And memories of these are not quite to your
    mind
  When your head's on your pillow at night.

But duty performed leaves a fragrance and
    charm
  That's as sweet as the scent of a rose,
And loving thoughts linger, like breath of
    the balm
  Through a beautiful garden that blows;
And kindness and gentleness carry a power
  That will keep the spirit light,
And will soothe you to sleep like a summer
    shower
  When your head's on your pillow at night.
—'Child's Paper.'

'What is moderate drinking, mother?' asked a little boy who had been listening to a discussion on that subject. His mother could not make it very plain to him, so he said in his own way, 'I suppose it is drinking when you feel like it.' A first-rate definition.

Correspondence

Chesterville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—There is a river running through this village. Its name is the Nation. We have fun bathing in it in the summer, and skating on it in the winter. My birthday is on May 22. Our Sabbath-school is quite large.

EGERTON E. S. (Aged 9.)

Burleigh.

Dear Editor,—I have a papa and mamma, two brothers and one sister. I have two grandmas and two grandpas. My eldest brother is away from home now. He comes home once in two weeks. Two little cousins of mine often come to our house to play. They are little boys, nearly seven years old, and two of my little cousin girls often come to play with me. ELIZA H. (Aged 10.)

River Front, Brockville.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country, five miles west of Brockville. I have no brothers or sisters. Pa and I took a trip on the steamer 'Brockville' to Alexandria Bay. We got on at Union Park at 10.30 a.m. The first stopping place was Rockport, then Poole's Resort and then the Thousand Islands. We met the 'Toronto' after we left the wharf at the Thousand Islands, and her swells made our boat rock. We got thirty-five minutes at this resort. Then the next stopping place was Alexandria Bay. We got an hour there. We went up the American channel and came down the Canadian. We got back to Union Park at five o'clock. I want to know if any little boy or girl has a birthday the same as mine, September 9. SARAH ANN.

Greenbank, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live near Greenbank. I go to Sunday-school and get the 'Messenger.' I have two brothers, Harvey, aged six, and Alex, one year old, and a comical little fellow he is. He takes after his father. STANLEY. (Aged 10.)

Spring Bay.

Dear Editor,—I live with my grandpa and grandma and uncle. Grandpa gets the 'Witness' every week. He keeps the post-office. I have two sisters and four brothers. Uncle has a sawmill and a small farm.

CYRELLA. (Aged 14.)

Deseronto.

Dear Editor,—I have no mother, but my grandmother stays with me and I have a sweet little brother. My father works in the match factory. At Sunday-school I got two books and 150 marks for regular attendance. ETHEL B. T. (Aged 11.)

McLean, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I have been to school six months. I live three miles from the school, but I cannot go in the winter, as it is too cold. I have a little dog and I call him Jimmy, and seven ducks.

ARTHUR C. S. (Aged 10.)

North Bedeque.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger' and like it very much, especially the correspondence. My father is a farmer. I have one sister and two brothers.

AMY D. (Aged 8.)

River John.

Dear Editor,—I have a little kitten without a tail. I take the 'Messenger' at Junior Endeavor. I like to read the correspondence very much. A. E. REID. (Aged 9.)

Eburne, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I get your paper at Sunday school, and I think it is a very nice paper. I live on Sea Island, at the mouth of the Fraser River. I have five brothers and one sister. We live not far from Vancouver.

MURIEL L. (aged 14.)

Waternish.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and like it very much. I have one sister older than myself, and a brother younger. I go to school most every day. I am in the ninth grade. I have about a mile and a half to go. We have to cross the river in a boat in summer, and in winter we cross on the ice. I am very fond of reading. I have read three of Sheldon's books. S. (aged 14.)

Rocklin, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy, nine years old. I live on a farm. We have three cows and two calves, and a horse. I have two brothers and one sister. I have a dog, his name is 'Fido.' We like the 'Messenger' very much. I always read the correspondence. J.H.R.

Crystal City, Man.

Dear Editor,—I am sending 30 cents for the 'Northern Messenger.' I think it is a nice paper. I have three brothers and three sisters. I live one-quarter of a mile from my grandma's, and they are our nearest neighbors. My other grandma died last October, and I miss her very much. I live three miles from church and Sunday school.

IRENE W. (aged 11.)

Waternish.

Dear Editor,—There are twenty-two scholars going to our school. I saw a letter in the 'Messenger' from B. McG. She lives about three miles from here. Our school-house is about a mile from home.

R. E. (aged 10.)

Grafton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm about three miles from Grafton. We have a pet crow, three cats, two kittens, and a dog named 'Rover,' for pets, and about fifty-four this spring's chicks. Our grandpa, grandma, aunt and cousin, live across the road. My sister, Susie A. H., wrote to your paper over a year ago, and her letter was printed. I like your paper.

CLARA M. H. (aged 12.)

Mitchell.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger.' I like it very much. I have three brothers. I am very sorry for the famine of India. ROY A. M.

Moorhead, Minn.

Dear Editor,—I had just gone to school three weeks when my eyes gave out, and I have been treated ever since. The doctor thinks I cannot go to school for a year, so I will be behind in my studies. I hope none of the boys and girls who read the 'Northern Messenger' have had such a narrow escape from blindness as I have had. The doctor said I would have been blind in a few weeks. I enjoy the 'Northern Messenger' very much, and the correspondence page is the first I read. I don't think I could do without my paper. Mamma has a 'Northern Messenger,' date 1874; it was called the 'Canadian Messenger' then. Mamma and papa were born in Canada; they came west twenty years ago, but from what I hear them say, I know they love their childhood's home the best. For fourteen years they lived in town, and for eight years we have lived in the country. I like the country much better than I do the dirty, smoky, and stifling cities. Mamma and papa are members of the Baptist Church, and I am a Baptist, too. I go to Sunday school and church every Sunday we can go. I hope that all my friend readers are Christians, and know how happy they can be when they have taken Jesus as their leader in all things.

ELSIE E. B. (aged 13.)

The children in the Sabbath school enjoy reading the 'Messenger so much, especially 'Black Rock.' What a splendid story it is,' writes Mrs. Margaret Layton, of the Manse, Marshfield, P.E.I., when renewing the club of 'Messengers.'

Britainville, Manitoulin.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Northern Messenger.' My papa takes the 'Weekly Witness'; he thinks it the best paper printed. We have no pets, but a baby brother; he is the sweetest baby ever I saw. Papa went away to Edmonton, Alberta, for the summer; we will be lonesome without him.

IRENE MAY S. (aged 10.)

Northampton, Mass.

Dear Editor,—I received my premium, and thought it was a very nice one, and I gave it to my sister for a Christmas present. I live on a farm near the Connecticut river. I have three pets, two dogs and one kitty. I have taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and like it very much. I am going to take it another year. RALPH H. (aged 10.)

HOUSEHOLD.

Strange Traits in Children.

(By Christine Beals, in 'New Crusade.')

In their early childhood children sometimes develop strange traits or habits that it is hard to account for. I once knew a child, a beautiful, blue-eyed, golden-haired boy, who from his earliest childhood would appropriate to his own use any article or plaything that came in his way, without the slightest regard for the rightful owner.

At a very early age his careful young mother noticed this inclination and tried to check it. At one time when this baby was a little over two years old, the mother took him with her to spend the afternoon with a friend, and when she was ready to return home she found that her child had made a collection of all the movable playthings in the play-room, and loudly insisted that they should be taken away with him. The mother was somewhat dismayed when she saw that no effort could induce the baby to peaceably relinquish the coveted articles.

The lady to whom the visit was made assured the mother that the baby was too young to understand the problem of ownership. 'Let him take one or two of the articles with him to quiet him,' she said. 'It would make no difference; he was only a baby.'

But the mother, to whom the destiny of her child was a sacred trust, refused to compromise with him, and he was carried kicking and screaming home. Then the baby triumphantly produced from the pocket of his little coat, where he had carefully concealed them, a tiny whistling bird, a rubber ring and a toy monkey.

Now the mother's heart sank within her and her eyes filled with tears. But she quietly took the treasures from the child, refusing to let him have the benefit of the forbidden objects. 'Can it be,' thought the mother, who as we have said, was young, though very earnest and conscientious, 'can it be, that my child, my baby boy, has bad blood in his veins? Can it be that he has the instincts of a—no, oh, no! It cannot be! I can teach him, surely I can teach him to be honest.' But her heart was tried before the victory was finally won. When he was three years old she had seemingly made no impression on him. When he was at play with other children whatever he could get, became at once in his own eyes his property. Whatever came within reach of his little fingers immediately became his.

Vain were all the mother's efforts to impress upon her child the rights of others. 'How would my little boy like it if Willie or Earle should carry away his things?' she would ask.

'Willie or Earle no do dat,' was the reply. 'But I keep what I want.'

She had reasoned and illustrated by many object lessons the wrongfulness of taking what belonged to another, and finally when the child was four years old yielded to the advice of a friend and tried harsh measures. The tender baby flesh had been caused to sting and quiver with pain when the child was found with an article belonging to another. And yet the habit was not broken. In other things the child yielded readily enough to authority, and was easily taught. He was generous and affectionate and honest in speech. He never denied his acts, nor tried to cover up his thefts, if such a harsh word should be used, but always maintained that what he could get was his. He would come straight to his mother with an article he had taken and triumphantly exclaim, 'I got it and I'll keep it.'

At one time when he was about four and a half years old he and his mother were staying on a large farm, at the season of the year when the threshing was being done. The car that did the cooking for the crew of men was situated within a few rods of the house. The mother well knew that she could not trust her boy inside the car—that he would appropriate to his own use anything he saw that he desired.

The car was left standing over Sunday and the men as well as the cook went away to spend the day. And in the quiet of the Sunday morning the mother, looking out of her window, saw her boy, her rosy-cheeked, flaxen-haired baby boy, climbing stealthily through the window of the car, which he had succeeded in sliding open. She silently waited. She knew her seemingly innocent baby was perpetrating some theft. Her heart ached at the thought. After some minutes she saw him climb cautiously out again, slide the window back to its place, dismount on a box placed there by himself for that purpose, and start for the house. She knew he would come directly to her. What should she do? What should she say? While she was thinking about it he appeared before her carrying in his little kilt skirt which he was carefully holding up, a dozen red, rosy apples. He sat down opposite her, carefully guarding his kilt to keep the apples from escaping, and choosing an especially tempting one, he took it up in his chubby hands and began quietly crunching it. But there was the blue glitter in his eyes that told the mother that a struggle was at hand.

Do I hear some mother say that such habits in children are not to be taken seriously? That they will outgrow them in time or forget them? How do we know they will? And can we take any risks in such things?

It seemed afterwards to this mother that it was a sort of inspiration that led her to look calmly into the face of her offending child and say, 'Mother is going to tell you a story this morning.'

'A Bible story?' asked the child, for of these he was particularly fond.

'Yes, dear, a Bible story. A great many years ago, God desired that all of his people should know exactly what he wished them to do, and also the things that he did not wish them to do. So he called to him a good and wise man, and told him to write on great pieces of stone that all the people might learn the things that would please God, and the things that would displease him. So this good and wise man took two great smooth pieces of stone and on each one he wrote something that would please God or something that they must not do if they wished to please him.' The mother paused. The child had ceased munching his apple and sat with eager eyes and parted lips.

'And what did the man write, mamma?' he asked.

'I will tell my little boy this morning just one thing he wrote and some time I will tell him the others. On one of those pieces of stone this good and wise man wrote that God did not wish any of his people to take that which belonged to another.'

There was perfect silence in the room. The mother's heart smote her. Had she driven the lesson home too hard?

The blue eyes of the child were downcast and from beneath the curly lashes the tears slowly dropped, while the rosy lips twitched and quivered. Then a subdued little voice asked, 'Did God mean me, mamma?'

'Certainly, my dear. He meant all his people, and is grieved when anyone disobeys him.'

Slowly the little figure arose to its feet. Looking ruefully at the half-eaten apple in his hand he asked, 'What shall I do about what I have eaten, mamma? I am going to take the others back where I got them.'

'I think, dear, that God will forgive you for what you have eaten if you ask him. And to-morrow you can tell the cook you are sorry for what you have done.' She watched her child carefully mount again the box, slide the window and creep into the car and out again. Then he came and crept into her arms and told her that if God cared when he took other people's things he was never going to take anything that did not belong to him again.

And many times afterward the mother, ever watchful, heard her child say sternly to himself, as the little hand was withdrawn from some coveted object, 'God cares.' And so the habit was finally broken.

Who can say what the consequences might have been had the deplorable habit been allowed to grow with the growth of the child? Can we, as mothers, be too persistent in carefully and tactfully dealing with any undesirable habit we see fixing itself on our children in their tender years?

A Near Opportunity.

The girl told the story herself. Her mother had for weeks been seriously ill, and she had borne the care and anxiety with her daily work. It was not easy to care for one's mother, run the household, and go to office besides. When the mother finally began to grow better the daughter was so worn out that she herself was in danger of illness. She longed to get away, if only for two days, but there seemed no way. One Saturday when she came back from her work she found a note waiting for her from a friend on the next square.

'I know that you must be tired out,' the writer said, 'and somehow the impulse to send for you came to me very strongly. I want you to come over this afternoon, and stay over till office time on Monday. If you want to go to church all right, but if not you shall have the whole quiet house to yourself on Sunday morning, and you can rest in any way you please. Anything shall be yours except one—you are not to cross your own threshold for two days. You are to pretend that you are away on a vacation. You needn't answer. I shall expect you.'

So the girl went, and from the day and a half in a bright, restful atmosphere, gained the new strength and courage she had so sorely needed.

'I never shall forget it,' she said. 'Always now I am looking for a chance to pass it on.'—'Forward.'

The Father at Home.

Whatever men may think of the vagaries of William III., of Germany, he is a good father, and in his home life is a shining example, worthy of imitation of all Christian fathers. When the day's work is over he goes home, and gathers about him his seven children, or his 'little gang,' as he fondly calls them, and enters heartily into all their fun and frolic, their conversations, and their studies. He is one of them. His home life is happy, and his word and influence outweighs all else in the formation of the life and character of his home. What we need widely to-day is that Christian fathers shall leave their frowns, their vexations, and over-strained temper in their stores and offices, and workshops, when they go home for the evening, and seek to shed a happy and wholesome influence upon their children and wives in the circle of the home. It is pathetic to think that in our fair and free land are thousands of fathers who seldom speak to their children, or whose influence in the home is nil. They go to their work so early the children are not awake, and when they come home it is so late their children are asleep. It is true we are compelled to adjust ourselves to the inevitable social and industrial conditions of life, but it is a profound mistake for men and women to become so completely lost in making a living that they forget to live, and have no time nor thought to teach their children to live.—Chicago 'Standard.'

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